



The Debutante Prepares for Action

AND SHE'S READY EXCEPT FOR HER CONVERSATIONS WHICH STILL ELUDE HER.

THE debutante is so excited that she can hardly speak. A few more weeks—and she'll be launched into the very midst of society, no longer a school girl, but a woman of the world.

The debutante's gowns are all ready. They hang in her closet headless like Bluebeard's unhappy wives, and she pays surreptitious visits to them and dreams of the victories to be achieved by them.

There's the diaphanous gown which she is to wear at the dance her parents are giving for her the last of October; her really, right coming-out ball. It is all of tulle—first a layer of the most delicate lavender, then one of pink, then one of blue, then one of white, giving the effect of a particularly dainty rainbow. The debutante gives its swirly skirts a twirl and sees herself a belle.

Next is the frock she will wear to the first German, which is so to speak, the trying-out place of the debut. It is of white satin like a bride's gown and there is a tiny jacket of tulle, and bits of silver here and there. Silver slippers and stockings go with it.

"If I'm a wall-flower at that German I will destroy myself," says the debutante grimly. "I will not be satisfied even if every dance is taken; I want to divide each one into bits."

The next gown is her mother's idea of a compromise. The debutante had wanted a black frock. She fancied herself trailing sable robes after her long slim figure, but when she had suggested it her maternal parent had laughed until she cried.

"But I loathe wearing nothing but white or pale blue like a girl in a



Jane Austen novel," said the debutante.

So they had compromised on this slowing frock of rose-colored net as vivid as an American Beauty rose.

"I want to feel like an adventures," said the debutante, looking as much like a stage ingenue as anyone could. There are frocks of soft-tinted velvets to wear to afternoon affairs, and on the hottest days the debutante robes herself in these winds fur about her neck and gazes fondly at herself in the mirror.

"I should be perfectly happy," she mused, "if I thought I would know what to say to them."

"To whom?" inquires her mother.

"To the men who sit next to me at places," returns the debutante. "What does one say to the men who sit next to one at places? One cannot chat to them of Greek mythology, can she, or run lightly over a French irregular verb. I feel that my education has left me untrained to cope with the men who sit next to me at places. It scares me half to death to think of them. My gowns are all prepared but my conversations are not. I stay awake nights thinking them out."

"And why haven't I been taught to be witty? The hours I've wasted on astronomy—which will not be of a particle of use to me in society, and yet never a course have I had in wit. And how does one learn to indulge in

When A Man Says A Clever Thing To Me All That I Can Do Is To Stare At Him Open-Mouthed.

badinage and persiflage? In books girls are as quick as lightning at repartee the moment they are introduced, while as for me I never think of a smart reply to a remark until I am safely at home in bed and there is no one there to hear me make it. When a man says a clever thing to me all that I can do is to stare at him open-mouthed.

"I feel," says the debutante to her confidante, "like an actress who is waiting in the wings for her cue, and who doesn't know a word of her part. My, but my education has been neglected. Last winter the debutantes had something all cut out for them to talk about. They talked about the rub. They told how many mufflers they had knitted for the Belgians and if you draw it out long enough even one muffler will last through an entire dinner. This season every one is bored with the war so there is literally nothing to talk about."

"I have the sweetest blue velvet suit trimmed with beaver fur, and blue boots to go with it, and a hat with plumes, and what my tailor calls a noble way of holding my chin, but I haven't a single subject of conversation. I've thought and thought and I cannot think of a thing to say. It is simply awful."

HAIR NET A LUXURY.

AMONG the expensive luxuries of a woman's dress should be numbered the hair-net," said the stenographer. "I was led into wearing a hair net by a friend who does not have to consider expense. Try it once and you will never be without it. It will make you look so neat in the office," said she. I tried it and was lost. It did make one look neat; it rid me of all anxiety concerning the condition of my hair. BUT, and here's the rub, the only sort of net that I could adjust properly costs 25 cents apiece and it lasted with care a week. Now 25 cents a week is a good deal to me, just as is a dollar a month, and \$12 a year. So I consider a hair-net a luxury and I am trying to think of some way to reduce the expense of it, but as yet I have been unsuccessful. It's a luxury, the hair-net, and yet queerly enough it is a necessity too. So what am I going to do about it?"

The Coiffure Changes

AND IN CONSEQUENCE A CHANT OF JOY ARISES FROM ALL WOMANKIND.

THE woman with the big ears and she of the prominent nose will hear with relief not unmixed with joy that the very severe coiffure has gone the way of all fashions good and bad. No longer are we required by Madame Mode to draw back our tresses until the whole contour of our head is shamelessly revealed; no more are we required to conceal any luxury of locks that we may possess in an unbecoming French twist that makes us look as sparse of hair as a fish. Twists are out; puffs and curls are in, and the pompadour is back again.

Listen to the chorus of "Glory Be's." Withal it's a nice pompadour. Not exaggerated as of old when it formed an enormous halo about our faces, but a modest pompadour, low at the brow but gradually rising in a sort of sliding scale until it reaches the crown.

And it is at the crown of the head and not at the back that this season the knot is to be made. This knot may consist of a few puffs or of a few curls, or of a soft twist of hair, as its owner desires and has the material for it. It is probable that occasionally the puffs, and occasionally the curls will be as it were applied on, but it is certain that never again will the "nest" of false puffs be popular with well-dressed women.

The reaction from the extreme use of false hair is still felt, and while a few trifles of hirsute adornment may be added to the coiffure no great quantity of embellishments will be tolerated.

In this matter of hair-dressing, by the way, women seem to become more and more sensible as time goes on. Dyeing the hair is as taboo as supplementing the natural tresses with false ones. The woman whose hair turns gray before she thinks it should—which is to say every gray-haired woman—while she probably heaves a sigh over the matter keeps only beautifully groomed, for rough only hair is an abomination, and by keeping her face as young and fresh-colored as possible.

As for henna and peroxide both of which were once popular for making blondes of brunettes and red-haired beauties of all sorts of ladies—they are now so frowned upon that only the most courageous of the sex dares use them, and she does it stealthily and with caution to give the impression that the miracle is being slowly accomplished by nature.

Wherefore taking one thing with another the outlook for beauty this winter is excellent. What with rippling hair once more fashionable, and what with furs and velvets to frame and soften faces the season promises well for pulchritude.

Ornamental bands are to be allowed in the hair once more, too, it is said, but of this more anon.



DOMESTIC CO-OPERATION.

COULD not the labors of house-keeping be largely lightened if housekeepers should take a leaf from the book of business and learn the value of co-operation? It is about as easy to put up two dozen jars of strawberry preserves as one dozen. It is about as easy to make two dozen bottles of tomato catsup as one dozen. Why not put up the extra preserves and swap them for an equal value of your neighbor's surplus catsup? If you have fruit trees in your suburban garden, and your neighbor keeps chickens, why not exchange your surplus apples and peaches and pears for fresh laid eggs. Both you and your neighbor would profit. Three friends of mine in a suburban town recently bought a cow between them. As long as she remains fresh they will have plenty of milk and cream and some butter, and they will know that it is all fresh and sanitary. And, besides, it will be cheaper. The suggestion of co-operation, therefore, is not impractical one. It is given here because it has been tried successfully in one or two instances, at least, and the cheap parcel post now makes it capable of a very wide application.

SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

FUR flowers are among the novelties. They are used to loop up the tulle overdresses of evening gowns, an admixture of materials which is peculiar to the season.

Muffs are of medium size, neither so small as some of last winter's, nor so large as those of other seasons. Scarfs too, are of medium length.

Fur coats are of two sorts of fur, seal trimmed with skunk, seal trimmed with ermine, ermine trimmed with mink and so on.

Though evening frocks are of pastel shades the advance notices declare that purple and red will be among the "good" shades for tailored suits; Burgundy, Bordeaux and claret are among the new tones.

Trains will be worn on evening frocks, the long, snakelike sorts which

are so becoming to tall and slender women.

But the way of the stout woman will be a hard one with the new styles for no provision seems to have been made for her, too solid flesh.

There is to be no compromise in sleeves; either no sleeves or long sleeves are to be worn.

Skirts of soft materials such as tulle, nets and the soft silks are shirred from waist to hips whence they fall in graceful folds; but these too, are among the things which can be worn only by slender women.

Skirts of the new sort have now extended to jewelry and combinations of jet, onyx, pearls and brilliants are made up in necklaces, pins, bracelets and earrings.

LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

By the Horns

HERE was once a certain Young Man who was a firm believer in Deferring to his Betters, as he was pleased to phrase it. As a Wheel that kept his Employer's business in motion he was an excellent Cog. He would no more have thought about Running out of his accustomed Groove than of walking up to the Boss and pulling his Whiskers.

He was a Stickler for Form and Office Etiquette. And he had it all



He Would Have Passed Away At The Thought Of Blowing His Own Horn.

Doped out that by Arriving of a morning precisely six minutes before Opening Time and Snatching a Lunch in ten Minutes and staying at his desk Five Minutes after the Other Slaves had left for the day—by Perpetrating a Daily Schedule of that sort he figured he was getting Results for the Boss.

Such a thing as a New Idea or even a Suggestion for a Change in the Office System never so much as entered his Noodle.

When he Nailed Down his Job he had preceded his application in Person by two Bales of Letters of Recommendation; and when he had actually secured the job he was Shaking mentally and Physically like a Chap with the Willies.

He was so Humble and Pussy-footed and Polite that the Boss sometimes wondered how in the world he ever got up Nerve enough to take Real Money from the Cashier. He would Have Passed Away at the very thought of Blowing his own Horn. Hence, it was never Blown and he stuck along at the Same Old Salary, trusting that the Boss would Reward him in Due Season.

One day there was a Vacancy in the Office, and Applicants were Many. The Boss was a peculiar Duffer and insisted upon personally Hiring everyone

who worked for him. So he cleared his Desk and gave up a whole Morning to the task. Also, this Hero of ours was assigned the Task of escorting the applicants into the Presence.

And he sure was in his Element! One glance at his Respectful Shoulders and his Awe'd Eyes sent Hot Chills down the spines of each Applicant as he Opened the Door for him. Straightway, he figured, the whole bunch must be impressed with the Dignity of the Office. And he was Some Impresario!

With the applicant before the Presence, our Hero would retreat just the Proper number of steps and stand Respectful-like ready and waiting for the next order from the Boss. As the interview proceeded, his Countenance was an Index to the pain which some of the answers caused—and he felt like himself Apologizing to the Boss for having let such a Specimen in.

Along toward the Shank of the Morning a young man who hadn't been waiting in the Ante-room, but who had Blown in like a Cyclone, shouldered his way past our Hero and Stalked Right In, with no other Excuse than a Grin for his Forwardness. Our Hero was aghast; and he wouldn't have been one his Surprised had the floor opened and Swallowed the Sacrilegious One.

But nothing of the sort Happened. Instead the Upstart pushed boldly in and said, "Good morning," to the Boss, in a voice that was Audible.

Then Shot back his Answers even faster than the Boss could Fire his Questions, managing also to Throw in a Boast for himself about every fifth word. To our Hero's horror, the Boss not only Stood for it but actually seemed Interested.

Presently, when the time came for the Handwriting Test, our Hero was right on the job in Quietly and Apologetically shoving forward the Pen and Paper.

The Sacrilegious One seized the pen and carelessly Dashed Off his Name and Address and Flipped it over so the Boss could get a Squint at it.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the Boss. "Is this a Fair Sample of your Penmanship, young man?"

The Upstart looked at the Boss a moment, Full in the Eye, and Grinned.

"Oh, no, sir," he replied, "I can write Worse than that!"

Our Hero fainted.

The Sacrilegious One got the Job.

Today he is Sales-Manager—because he's got Pep and Originality and Nerve.

And our Hero is still Pussy-Footing around at the Same Old Stipend.

Moral—If you have to take hold, Grab 'em by the Horns!

PAINT THE FLOWER POTS.

PAINT the pots of house plants white. Unpainted pots are ugly and far from decorative to a room while if they are placed in jardinières the plants themselves sometimes do not thrive. Painting the pots then is an easy alternative, and green may be used instead of white when it is so desired.

The Townbreds and Their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett.

Harvest Home

HERE'S no use being an agriculturist and not bragging about it. And even when a man's wife does actually run "the farm" surely he, as nominal head of the house, is entitled to take unto himself some of the glory and—among his men friends in the city who are not in a position to know the facts—refer to the garden products of the soil as specimens of his own handiwork.

At all events, Mr. Townbred was so minded. And, for the past few weeks the way he had been swelling around among his friends in the city and telling of the number of bushels of late potatoes he raised, and his winter cabbage and hay and corn—well had Mrs. Townbred who had done all the work heard him he might, to say the least, have had impressed upon him the difference between an agriculturist



"I Want To Pick Out Two Of The Biggest Ears We Can Find, Frieda."

who commutes to town each day and a real farmer who gets out and digs. Still, Mr. Townbred came something of a cropper the other day concerning his corn crop which—but let's begin at the beginning.

It was only a week or so ago that the corn at Five Oaks was cut and shocked, since Mrs. Townbred, through extreme pressure of work, had been late in planting it. But it was fine corn and, fortunately, there was no frost.

On the Sunday after it had been cut and shocked Mr. and Mrs. Townbred took a walk through the field to thrill at the sight of the fruits of their own land. The stalks were eight and ten

and even twelve feet high, with big, thick, promising ears.

"Some corn, eh?" laughed Mr. Townbred.

"Yes, I believe it will be a fair yield—something over sixty bushels to the acre," replied the more practical Mrs. Townbred.

"Sixty bushels? Why, that isn't much, according to the reports I've read of the yields of the various Government Corn Clubs."

Mrs. Townbred smiled. "Certainly, Ruthvin. But there's a big difference between Corn Club farming and the general sort. Now if you want to join a Corn Club next year and get out with your hoe and do intensive farming on our cornfield why—why, my dear, you may even win a trip to Washington and a diploma from the Secretary of Agriculture, along with the other boys! But since you haven't done that this year, and since to the best of my knowledge this is the first

went on. "One of the fellows at the office—you've heard me speak of Johnson who has a measly little five-acre place in the suburbs—brought in a couple of ears of corn today and bragged all over the office about raising them. I know mine has them beat a mile, and I want to show him tomorrow. Smith, the President's secretary, is going to bring in samples of his corn, too, and we're going to compare them. The Old Man himself is much interested; it's his hobby to have his employees try the back to the farm sort, it seems. What do you think of this one?"—reaching and pulling a fat ear off a shock—"Do you think this is as large as they come?"

To her credit and generosity, he it said, Mrs. Townbred was straightway all attention. "The ears aren't quite cured yet, Ruthvin," she explained, "but as the point of discussion seems to be size I dare say we can find a few whoppers—only for goodness sakes don't tear down every shock in your search!"

Mr. Townbred fell to with a will. Had he expended that much energy every four or five days while the corn was growing there would surely have been no doubt about his ears outclassing those of Johnson and Smith. Eventually, by a process of elimination, the two prize ears were secured, and Mr. Townbred felt that hereafter he was certainly licensed to speak intimately of "working in the cornfield."

The whole office, the next day, was duly interested in the miniature country fair; and even the Old Man came in and gazed over the harvest, but wisely refrained from stating which exhibit he considered the best. Then, later, while the business of the corporation waited, the three corn growers adjourned to Mr. Townbred's office to continue the argument.

Mr. Townbred held out for size, since his ears were noticeably the largest; but Johnson insisted that it was the shape and nature of the grains that counted, and Smith declared that for pure quality his had them all beat.

After due discussion, with a decision no nearer than it had been at the beginning, the three contestants conceived the idea of taking their respective exhibits upon the big bulletin board in the main office, with their respective cards properly attached. Then, a real farmer was to be called in to pick the winner. Incidentally, it was agreed, the expenses of a nifty little dinner for themselves, the Manager and the Old Man should be defrayed by the two losers.

And Mr. Townbred was so confident of winning that when he returned home in the evening he didn't hesitate a moment to tell his wife all about it—assuring her that he simply couldn't be stuck for the dinner.

The next day, however, he was inclined to wish that he had not taken Mrs. Townbred so completely into his confidence—since, somehow, no woman can possibly approve of a bet—

which is lost!

On arrival at the office the next day he went straight to the bulletin board to say "Good morning" to his exhibit. There was quite a crowd of other employees around it, and they were laughing. Johnson was there and so was Jones, and both of them were rather red of face; also, they seemed to be the butt of a good bit of kidding. The moment the fellows espied Townbred they swooped down upon him and dragged him before the board.

And there, tacked right beside his own prized exhibit and tied with baby blue ribbon, were two of the smallest, meanest, scrawniest, measliest ears of corn that have ever been recognizable as members of the corn family.

Underneath was the card of A. Wexford Smithers, the office wag, with a bit of not bad doggerel to the effect that he with only a two-by-four back yard had really raised said scrawny ears himself by the sweat of his own brow, and that Johnson and Townbred and Smith, as fishermen, had been known to buy fish when they wouldn't bite; wherefore, as agriculturists, why should it be considered beyond them to slip something to an obliging farmer; at all events, said A. Wexford Smithers defied them to prove that their exhibits were solely the work of their own hands, etc.

Just then the Old Man happened in—in a good humor. And, straightway, he was minded to take a hand in the proceedings. Now, once the Old Man conceived a practical joke, he was ruthless. So he needs must hale the culprits before him one at a time and put them on the witness stand.

Johnson finally admitted, under

sharp questioning—in which art the Old Man had become an expert from his enforced appearance before various Congressional and Inter-State Commerce investigating committees—that he had bought the seed and fertilizer and let his hired man do the rest!

Smith, being more or less familiar with the Old Man's evasive tactics, managed to survive for a while, but he, too, had to finally admit that his oldest boy was a member of the Country Corn Club and had worked like a day laborer in that cornfield.

Mr. Townbred? Well, he saw the jig was up and came right out and admitted that it was all Mrs. Townbred's work.

Whereupon the Old Man gleefully awarded the verdict to A. Wexford Smithers and declared that the three losers should come across with a fine young dinner for the aforementioned guests and—A. Wexford Smithers!

Also—though he said never a word about it—the Old Man later in the day dispatched by Smith's young son a letter of commendation and an order on a local dealer for a fine bicycle; to Johnson's a hired man a letter and a check for twenty-five dollars; and to Mrs. Townbred a cordial word or two of explanation and the biggest box of candy to be bought in the city. It was simply the Old Man's way—he would have his joke, and he was willing to pay for it.

All of which, be it noted, merely shows that the real farmer is bound to harvest the fruits of his toil.

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Mr. Townbred Held Out For Size.